THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Pacific Theo Sem Reading Room

Volume LV. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 21, 1905 Number 51

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men'"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN CALIFORNIA.

Published every Thursday at the Congregational Headquarters, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, by the

PUBLISHING CO. OF THE PACIFIC

W. W. Ferrier, Editor and Manager.

TERMS:

Per Year, in Advance, - - - $2.00
To Foreign Countries in Postal Union 3.00

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

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USING THE TELEPHONE.

Katie is just over and she is employed as a domestic in a big house surrounded by shade trees on the Cass farm. She is as willing as a hungry mosquito, but there are things she has not yet learned.

Katie is having a hard time in mastering the telephone. She has had many lessons and long, but there is a mystery about the whole thing that inflames her superstition.

"Any one call or ask for me by telephone while I was out, Katie?" asked the mistress.

"Indade they did, mum. The box jingled and a lady wid a voice like a coffee mill says, 'Hello,' and I says, 'Hello yerself,' and she says, 'Who is this?' and I says, 'None of your business.' And she says, 'Is Aunt Mary there?' and I told her she'd bether ask a policeman, then she foired sumthin' in my ear, and I dared her to show her ugly face back of our barn and she said nuthin'. I'll talk in that machine no more, mum."—The Detroit Free Press.

"And what did you say," asked the caller, "when he told you your pie wasn't like the pie his mother used to make?"

"Well," said the hostess, with a toss of her head, "I made afew remarks like my mother used to make."—Syracuse Herald.

"Dad, I see that M. Pobiedonotseff—"

"That's just enough of that, my son. We don't want language of that sort around here."

"But that ain't language, dad; that's the Russian general's name."

"Well, I certainly can't allow you to call names—at least such names as that"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bill had a bill-board. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the bill-board to pay his board bill. So after Bill sold his bill-board to pay his board bill the board bill no longer bored Bill.—Yale Expositor.

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H. Melville Tenney, District Secretary. Cornelius H. Patton, Home Secretary.

THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, December 21, 1905

The Pacific Coast in Brief

The sermon by the Rev. Charles R. Brown which appears in The Pacific this week was given by him to his people soon after he entered on the tenth year of his pastorate in Oakland. Toward the close of the sermon there is a part which is merely of local application, but which we have preferred not to omit.

Prof. Wicher, who furnishes our readers an interesting article this week on "White Settlements in the Orient," is the occupant of the chair of New Testament Literature and Exegesis in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, California. He was for some time pastor of a union church for foreigners in Kobe, Japan, and writes from acquaintance with the situation.

Superintendent Harrison of the California Home Missionary Society is at his office again, much strengthened after a rest from the work of the superintendency of about ten weeks. He says that one who drops out of the work at the center of things for a time sees the value of The Pacific as under no other conditions. During those weeks of retirement the paper was read with increased interest and thankfulness for what it is as a bond of fellowship.

On the calendar of Westminister Congregational Church of Spokane, Washington, for December 10th there appeared a special notice to the members of the church and congregation calling attention to the service the following Sunday morning and urging all to attend inasmuch as Dr. Wallace, the pastor, would preach on the subject, "What Sort of a Church Do You Think Would Best Help the World." In the announcement it was said: "In this sermon, various church methods and characteristics will be reviewed, and the opinions of noted people inside and outside the churches will be considered. The methods of the new church organized by B. Fay Mills, once well known as an evangelist, will be discussed." The pastor said also in his announcement: "Next year presents the greatest opportunity for service our church has ever seen. Shall we be worthy of, and equal to, the opportunity?" Westminster Church is one of marked influence in Spokane and throughout Eastern Washington. It is noted for the large number of men who attend its services, frequently fifty per cent of the persons in attendance being men. A frequent remark concerning the church is in substance this: "This is the most sociable and practical church I ever attended." During the year 1905 ninety-two persons were received to membership about half of the number on confession of their faith.

The Rev. H. F. Burgess of Oakland brought to the Monday meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity a paper on the "Relation of the Church to the Kingdom," which was the outgrowth somewhat of his experiences during the last year or two as pastor of a church which is situated in a community in which are many workingmen. It is the opinion of Mr. Burgess that there are today not a few good Christian people outside of the church; and for the sake of the church he entered into a consideration of what are regarded as some of the causes which are leading people to remain without. He expressed only contempt for the quibbles about rites and ceremonies, and sectarian shibboleths, believing them to be childish and trivial to persons standing on the threshold of God's kingdom, inquiring the way of eternal life. Among the things set forth as keeping people from entering into church fellowship was the lack of cooperation on the part of the church with the industrial classes in their struggles for better conditions. Mr. Burgess seemed to favor, with but slight qualification, the labor unions. If he were to have for a time the experiences of an employer he would, perhaps, modify his position somewhat. Most people do this under such circumstances. The socialistic attacks on the church were regarded as unjust to some extent and yet in his experience socialists were a disinterested, conscientious and philanthropic class of people. The paper by Mr. Burgess impressed all who heard it as a temperate consideration of conditions which the church must face and solve if it is to continue as one of the great influences in the world. People will differ as to causes, but all must needs admit that the church is to some extent losing its grip on the world. It is worthy of note that Mr. Burgess, like many others, is hoping for better things in some respects through the movement for church federation. His words in this connection were: "All labor unions are federated in one mighty organization known as the American Federation of Labor. The trades unions are ahead of the churches in this respect."

We rejoice and shall rejoice over the letter from President Roosevelt to the Merchants' Exchange of San Francisco with reference to the Chinese exclusion and the boycott. The President said: "You can be absolutely certain that there will be no permanent recovery of business conditions so far as they affect American interests in China unless we can say with truth that all just cause of complaint by the Chinese against us has been removed." Other words by the President are: "The Bureau of Immigration and the bureau it succeeded, under successive chiefs and under many administrations, acted with the utmost harshness toward the Chinese, the fault resting ultimately with the public opinion which demanded this harsh treatment, under an entirely mistaken and improper idea of what was accomplished thereby and of its need." Upon receipt of this letter the Merchant's Exchange adopted resolutions in which it is said: "In the opinion of the Merchant's Exchange the present Chinese exclusion laws should in justice and equity be so amended as to permit the free ingress into the

country and the peaceable abiding within the confines of the United States of Chinese business men, professional men, students and travelers." The San Francisco Chronicle which in some inexplicable way has developed a bad case of yellow peril fever states that there is absolutely no foundation for the charge that "obstacles are placed in the way of the entrance of Chinese of the privileged class into the United States." We wonder whether The Chronicle wishes to leave a loophole out of which to crawl by using the present tense instead of the past. Whatever the situation at present, it is a well known indisputable fact that such obstacles have been placed in the past. And it would seem from President Roosevelt's letter that he is of opinion that unless the present law is amended such obstacles will be placed in the future. And that we are all the while violating our treaty obligations is evident from the treatment which is every little while given the Chinese who are already in this country. Only a few weeks ago a California mob attacked and drove out of a town in the Northern part of the state a body of Chinese laborers who under our laws have the same rights that other foreigners have, except that of naturalization. With such a condition of affairs it is not surprising that there should be anti-foreign feeling in China and mobbing and murdering also.

FOREFATHERS' DAY CELEBRATION.

One of the best meetings ever held by the Congregational Club of San Francisco and vicinity was that of last Monday night in annual celebration of Forefathers' Day. About 125 persons were in attendance and the addresses were of much interest and suggestiveness.

Before the regular program was entered upon the president introduced Professor Satthianadan, the distinguished lecturer from India, who has been giving at Pacific Theological Seminary, in Berkeley, a course of lectures on "Indian Philosophical Systems as Related to Christianity."

Professor Satthianadan spoke of the cordial welcome which he had received in England and in this country which impressed him with the fact that there are ties stronger than the ties of blood. Among the things which especially impressed him in this country, he said, was the manner in which we were moulding our heterogeneous population. The pursuit of wealth, he stated, was marked; and yet there was evidence everywhere that many were putting their accumulations to good uses. Our chief dangers he thought to lie in the giving of too much attention to things material. In the course of his remarks the professor spoke in a highly commendatory manner of the work of the American missionaries in India, especially of those in the Madura district with many of whom he is personally acquainted. It was said that their zeal, devotion and ability had been a wonder to him and his people. India was spoken of as intensely religious, and the awakening which is sure to come will be a religious and not a political one. Although he found good in the religion and philosophy of his people he realized that these needed to be supplemented by the teachings and principles of Christianity.

The special topic for consideration during the evening was "The Spirit of the Mayflower Pilgrims Applied to Present Day Problems." The Hon. Frederick S. Stratton, collector of customs, spoke on the question in its political aspect. He found the danger that threatened the republic today to be within. In a graphic manner the evils of our material and commercial spirit were set forth, and the remedy was found in the education of the masses and the upbuilding of a civic conscience.

Mr. George W. Dickie, widely known as superintendent of the Union Iron Works for many years, and whose sterling Scotch character has been builded into not a few of our battleships, spoke on the topic in its social aspect. Mr. Dickie stated that he had attempted to woo the spirit of the Pilgrims and had plead for a message to bring to our aid in the solution of present day problems; at first the spirit was coy, but such finally was his success that a paper which held rapt attention and made a deep impression was the result. The present writer heard that paper on Monday evening, read it on Tuesday morning on the electric train and ferry boat and decided to give it in full to the readers of The Pacific next week. It is worthy a wide reading, and will command it.

The Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Pacific coast secretary of the American Board, spoke on the religious aspect of the question. He showed that out of the religion, out of the faith of the Pilgrims, had come their character, institutions and history. They were true always to their convictions; as they neared the wild New England shores they kept faith with their past and made, ere they landed, that immortal compact. Speaking of the emphasis which is now laid on ethics, Mr. Tenney showed that back of ethics is religion and that all ethical problems are religious problems. Before we can get an ideal society we must have something of an ideal individual. If we are to get rid of corruption in politics we must make men who do not have their price, and foundations must be in religion and in God.

No one could listen to these able addresses without feeling that what this old world needs is more of the spirit of those Mayflower Pilgrims. It is that spirit, shorn of that which the light of more modern times has shown to be objectionable, which will lift the world far up towards that which God has designed it to be.

THE WORK AMONG THE CHINESE AND JAPANESE.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Chinese and Japanese Society of California was held on Monday afternoon. The report of the treasurer showed that the receipts during the year had been $13,653.19. Of this amount $5,000 came from the American Missionary Association. There are at present twenty missions having an enrollment of 1704 pupils. The conversions numbered 105, making the list for all the years of the work 2,450. Many of these have passed over into the other life; many are in China; some in other lands; and the resident and cooperative members number about 300. These gave for Christian work during the last year $8,134.19, which is remarkable when is considered the fact that the average wage of these 300 persons is not more than $20 per month. In the missions during the year 46 workers have been employed at an average salary of $18.50 a month.

In his report Dr. Pond, the secretary, mentioned as especially worthy of note the enlargement of the work among the Japanese in Los Angeles. It was stated that the Japanese work in Oakland centers largely in the church work which is under the direc-

tion of the Rev. S. Okubo. This work is to be made soon a branch of the First Congregational Church of Oakland.

This California organization for work among the Chinese and Japanese, and which is in affiliation with the American Missionary Association, has as president the Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean of Pacific Theological Seminary, and as secretary the Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond, who has given to it in connection with his work as pastor of Bethany Church, San Francisco, many years of his life. Since his resignation from that pastorate, Dr. Pond has given all his time to this work. His heart is in it; he has greatly endeared himself to those peoples by his great interest in them, and is doing a work the value of which in its far reaches no one can estimate.

The board of directors which has cooperated in the direction of this work during the last year with commendable interest, and which was re-elected at this annual meeting is constituted as follows: Mrs. L. E. Agard, the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, Rev. L. M. Foster, Rev. Jee Gam, Rev. J. Rowell, Professor Nash and Mr. J. E. Warren.

The present writer believes that China and Japan are destined to exercise a mighty influence in the world's future. And all they who give themselves to the work among them, for their upbuilding in righteousness, are so far forth putting their lives where they through other lives will count for much in the years to come.

The Bystander.

A Morning With Plymouth Church, San Francisco

It was a London fog that settled down on San Francisco last Sunday morning through which the Bystander made his way to Plymouth Church on Post street. The streets were wet and slippery and the morning was not such as to invite people to church. Plymouth church has one of the best auditoriums in the city, its acoustics properties are nearly perfect. It is a warm, cozy room and spacious and comfortable. Dr. Meserve, the pastor was in the pulpit. Dr. Meserve came here after a long pastorate in New Haven, Conn. and a short one in London, bringing with him a ripe experience, a clear mind and a warm heart. His mental characteristics are clearness and thoroughness and he speaks naturally and effectively. The text was taken from Genesis 1:26. "Let us make man in our own image." The sermon which was abundantly filled with good material was divided like all Gaul into three parts," man as God did make him, man as God did not make him and man as God will make him," Among other things Dr. Meserve said, "man is finite because he is created, but on the upper edge of the finite, part of him belongs to the creation, and part of him belongs to the creator. He belongs to two worlds. There is hidden in the soul of man the idea of the upper and grander world. Man has a double history, and that which is evident about it is man's disposition to go down hill. It is easy to go down hill. Mankind has found it easy enough to slide down, but not so easy to climb back. Man has a history not only of decadence and fall, but of climbing and raising. Again man has not only a history but a destiny. God is developing humanity for that promised land that lies before it, made in the image of God, man has a destiny of greatness and glory."

Speaking to the point, man as God did not make him, Dr. Meserve said, "corruption is not inherent in human nature, and does not belong to man as God made him; volition and will were inherent in him, but not corruption. No man is as bad as he can be, and no man is as good as he can be. The purpose of God has been to introduce a force into life to overcome the evil and develop the good."

Dr. Meserve closed his excellent sermon with an appeal, an impressive personal appeal for the individual to recognize what Christ has done for the development of the divine image.

The attendance at Plymouth has increased and there is every indication that the hard work the present pastor has done is telling. The problem of the San Francisco churches is not altogether as easy as it looks, since many families are moving across the bay to the suburban towns where they unite with other churches. All the churches feel this really alarming exodus out of the city, a movement which has been started in part by the material prosperity of recent years. The Third Church has been crippled somewhat in the same way and even the First Church is giving many letters to suburban churches. Plymouth has a fine property and is supported by a noble company of staunch Congregationalists, is centrally located, but surrounded by Jews and Catholics. The conditions are not favorable to a large evening attendance and over these conditions nobody seems to have control. Dr. Meserve, however, is doing his best to develop this service and is succeeding. At present he is giving an interesting series of evening sermons on "The Mountains of the Bible."

The Bystander would mention two things in his visit to Plymouth Church which favorably impressed him—good music and a genuine hospitality. The right hand is in use at Plymouth Church, San Francisco.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Angels, sing some sweet lullaby,
Soft echoes from the' blissful sky;
Sing, angels, sing to all the earth
The story of his lowly birth.
Look, sons of men—a wondrous sight—
Love, new-born, with resistless might!

The dimpled form, so soft and fair,
The burdens of a world shall bear;
These tender feet, so small and weak,
For us, where'er we stray shall seek;
These little arms outstretched shall be
For all mankind on Calvary.

Wake, Child, the nations need thee, wake!
The mighty now thy vassals make;
Subdue their stubborn wills to thine,
O'ermastered by a touch divine;—
Thy conquering love fierce passions tame
And get new glory to thy name.

Clothed in love's peerless majesty,
Lead warring nations after thee,
That following they may find thy way
To light and peace, and in that day
Forever, at thy bidding, sheathe their swords,
And hail thee King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

—Henry Nehemiah Dodge,
Christus Victor.

THE POWER OF AN UNATTAINED IDEAL.

A Sermon, By Charles R. Brown.

"I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, forgetting. . . and reaching. . . I press toward the mark." Phil. 3-13.

How unfortunate and how disagreeable are the people who have entirely caught up with their ideals! They started out some time ago to achieve certain definite results and have practically achieved them. They proposed to themselves a not very difficult nor lofty program, and they seem to be carrying it out with scarcely a hitch or a jar. And because they have thus attained, they are not only dry, hard, impervious —they are also apt to look down upon the rest of us who are still striving and struggling, longing and failing, with quite a complacent and patronizing air. They contribute little or nothing to the moral advance of society and they actually clog the wheels by their own self-satisfaction.

There was that Pharisee who went into the Temple to pray. You heard what he said in his prayer. "God, I thank thee that I am just as I am. Other men are unjust, extortioners, adulterers; but not I. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess." And that was all! Not a hint of any penitence or yearning; not a word of aspiration or unsatisfied longing. He had all he wanted and simply dropped in to tell the Lord how thoroughly satisfied he was. He did not stand in the number of those on whom Christ pronounced his benediction—"Blessed are the poor in spirit!" The Pharisee felt that he was exceedingly well-to-do in spirit. I have wondered many times that the publican was able to offer his prayer of honest humility "God be merciful to me, a sinner," with that self-satisfied fellow standing up in front of him. The Pharisee had entirely caught up with his ideals and Jesus painted his portrait in the New Testament as a perpetual warning to us all!

How far removed from that mood is this man Paul! He, too, had made considerable headway in spiritual achievement. He was the most successful missionary the world has ever known, making the Christian faith effective in all the larger centers around the Mediterranean. He gained such insight that he was caught up into "the third heaven" of spiritual privilege. He penned that hymn to charity, which as a tribute to the real essence of Christian life has never been surpassed. Yet with all this, when he takes stock of his spiritual attainments, he is more than modest —he is full of an unsatisfied longing. "Not as though I had attained, or were already made perfect," he cries. "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth unto the things which are ahead, I press toward the mark!" He felt within his soul the power of an unattained ideal, which hung before him as the brightest constellation in his sky.

You notice first his frank confession—"I count not myself to have attained." These holiness people, who never sin and who are already made perfect, are farther along than Paul was, according to their own estimate. Possibly a more accurate appraisement might indicate otherwise—it may be that they have forgotten to read that other statement by Paul, "Let no man think more highly of himself than he ought to think but think soberly." When he says, "I count not myself to have attained," he not only wins our sympathy, he persuades us of the moral soundness of his nature. Hunger is always a sign of health. Spiritual appetite is a prophecy of spiritual growth. The Beatitudes are almost entirely for those who are consciously and confessedly incomplete—"Blessed are the poor in spirit!" "Blessed are they that hunger after righteousness!" "Blessed are they that mourn," over that which needs to be set right! It is the sense of need and longing which wins the blessing of the Lord.

There is nothing arbitrary about the insistence of the church that each man shall begin his Christian life with a confession of sin and of his need of a Saviour. The man in the far country using his strength in disobedience and living apart from fellowship with his Father, must say when he makes a fresh start, "I have sinned." It is the very sense of his need of forgiveness and of help in living a new life, which prompts him to add, "I will arise and go to my Father."

Nor is this an attitude which is appropriate only at the beginning of the Christian life—it is to be carried along. There is never a point on the road where it is not appropriate for each aspiring soul to say with Paul, "I count not myself to have attained." Every higher level of experience is to be used as a stepping stone to one still higher. Every noble trait of character developed and every bit of useful service rendered, is to become the prophecy and anticipation of something still better. Christian life is not gained once for all as a kind of eternal insurance of our most precious interests—it is indeed a life to be developed, matured, completed, as the years come and go, as the ages come and go! The man who stands with unveiled face before the purpose of the Lord will be constrained to say all along the way, "I count not myself to have attained."

You notice in the second place his aspiration— "This one thing I do, forgetting and reaching, I press toward the mark." He is conscious of his failures as well as his successes, for there are certain things he would willingly forget. But the failures may have been no less needful for the accomplishment of the end in view than the successes. A few weeks ago I watched our Oakland high school track team exercising and rehearsing for the coming event. Some of the boys were vaulting with a long pole. Sometimes the boy cleared the string as it was moved up from hole to hole, and sometimes he failed, carrying it down with him. But the failures helped—he learned how not to do it. If he had tried only when success was sure, he never would have gained the success which came at last. As some one has said, "we have to do things when we don't know how, in order to learn how." There are failures which help when they are incurred in the prosecution of some worthy purpose. Paul will not allow himself to be depressed by them —"Forgetting and reaching, I press toward the mark."

It was a high mark—"the mark of the high calling of God in Christ, Jesus." He was undertaking to live in the terms of his own life and according to the needs of the situation where he found himself, another such a life as was lived by Christ when He served the needs of Galilee and Judea. It was an ideal high enough enough, hard enough, vast enough, to provide for his utmost effort.

The weakness of many a life lies not in the fact that its ideals are wrong or unworthy, but that they are too meager. Not many men, unless they are

criminals or degenerates, deliberately set before themselves ideals which are actually wrong. But many a man is doomed because his ideals are too low, too easy, too meager, to be worthy of his ultimate allegiance. He is happy because he has reached the mark, but it is not the mark of the high calling of God

Strong men are made strong by proposing to themselves hard tasks. Some doctrine is hard to understand and hard to believe upon a superficial survey of it, but they will think and strive until they have gained a rational faith. Some duty is so hard to perform that soft-shelled men are repelled by it, but the strong men become stronger by struggling their way up to moral victory. Some great spiritual experience summons the soul to a stiff climb, but they do not shrink from the endeavor—they are bent on gaining the heights!

Take the case of our President, Theodore Roosevelt! He was born to wealth and social position with a delicate physique! How easy it would have been for him to have become an elegant nobody, by giving himself up to an easy, self-indulgent program! But somehow he had an instinct for the hard things. It showed itself when he entered Harvard and he has carried it right along. He was ready to be Police Commissioner in New York when it was the toughest kind of a job—perhaps no other man of his social position would have taken it. How well he succeeded Jacob Riis and a host of others witnesses have told us. He could not sit in his office as Assistant Secretary of the Navy when other men were fighting in the Spanish War—he must get out and organize his regiment of Rough Riders. The story of his splendid service in the field, the whole world knows. He carries the same disposition into the small things. He likes to walk home from church in the teeth of a fierce rain storm rather than ride in his carriage. He sometimes carries his love for the difficult clear up to the border of imprudence perhaps—he likes to hunt bears and lions in the Rocky Mountains. He goes down south to New Orleans before the yellow fever is scarcely out of the air. He stands up and addresses audiences of thousands of men who are traditionally and relentlessly opposed to the party of which he is the head. He has a keen appetite for the hard things—"I press toward the mark," he seems to cry!

And in doing all this he becomes the type of man who is the hope of any country. His courage, his high resolves, his lofty idealism, constitute in my judgment one of the most valuable assets which the United States has at this time. He has proposed to himself a tremendous task for the coming session of Congress. He sees, as we all see, that much of the present evil of monopoly is due to unjust discrimination in rates by the common carriers, the railroads. The American people hate injustice and favoritism and they are growing angry over the present situation. No man grumbles because it costs him two cents to send his letter from Oakland to New York or from Oakland to San Francisco—it might be done for a trifle less, perhaps, but he is content, for he knows that the richest man in California or the Standard Oil Company itself, must also pay two cents to have a letter thus sent. But when it comes to the transportation of freight instead of mails, he knows that he is not treated in that equitable fashion. The private shipper is helpless in trying to compete with the corporation, and the small corporation is helpless in its struggle against the huge trust, largely because of unjust discrimination in railroad rates.

Our good President knows all this and he has set himself the hard task of securing absolute justice for each and every citizen in the Republic. He has made himself the champion of the interests of the people, who grant the railroads the right to be. Whatever may be the immediate outcome, we cannot be sufficiently grateful that there stands in the public eye; and at the head of our nation, a man with high ideals and with the resolute purpose of striving steadily for their realization. He is a strong man, made stronger by the hard tasks he has set himself; and he calls out that which is straight and true and clean in all who come within the range of his wide influence.

It is that strain of splendid idealism, hindered but never surrendered, running all through the history of the Hebrews which has made their religion great. "Get thee out of thy country into a land which I shall show thee," the Lord said to Abraham. "I will bless thee and make thy name great. I will make thee a blessing and in thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." He went out, not knowing whither he went, not knowing how much was bound up in the issue. He had the messianic consciousness and it was handed down from father to son, from generation to generation. The country of the Hebrews was a little, stony, unproductive bit of soil on the coast of the Mediterranean, no more to be compared to the valley of the Nile or of the Euphrates than Iowa is to be compared for productiveness with New Hampshire. The Hebrews were never numercially important—they had no army worth speaking of, no navy at all, no money worth computing. No matter! They held fast their messianic consciousness—in them all the nations of the earth would be blessed! They would know God, His nature, His law, His purposes, His eternal helpfulness, and they would impart this blessing to the nations of the earth. It was a commanding ideal and it became the impelling force in the life of that race which has made the higher life of the whole world its debtor.

The same is true when we come to the religion of Jesus Christ. If He had been content to live a kindly, innocent life, giving to the people some plain precepts which they could easily obey and which would bring a degree of peace, He would have slowly faded out of the world's consciousness. He set His mark high and bade men come up to it. "Love one another as I have loved you." He said when He addressed the social life of men. "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect," He said when He spoke to the moral life. "Know the true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent," He called to them, as he faced the spiritual life of mankind. "Pray that the divine kingdom may come and the divine will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven," He said to the organized life of men. He knew what was in man, and needed not than any one should tell Him, yet in the face of all our sin and weakness, He summoned us to press toward the mark of that high calling.

It is that very quality which has given Him power over the hearts of men. There is something in us all, even the worst of us, which responds to a great ideal as steel to a magnet. The impulse to "rise and go" is formed within the heart. It may be repressed, disobeyed, neglected until the soul is calloused to such appeals but so long as we remain in any degree normal, it is there. And this ability to respond, this capacity for the attaining of ideals, this power of aspiration, is the most precious thing in human nature.

But in the third place I want to notice the source of Paul's confidence. In the long run the only ideals which will profoundly stir men are attainable ideals —attainable sometime, somewhere. We may ask ourselves if these Christian aspirations are not after all but the day dreams of some enthusiast, mere schoolgirl fancies, never to be realized; and we may inquire if the sensible course is not to choose some lower and easier route.

Paul names the source of his confidence—"I count not myself to have attained but I follow after, if that I may apprehend, lay hold of, appropriate, make my own, that for which I am apprehended by Christ Jesus." The love of God in Christ had laid hold of him for that very purpose, that he might attain to these splendid ideals which float through his mind.

The divine initiative is one of the leading truths in our Christian gospel. We are not here struggling alone to gain what we picture to ourselves in our best moments—the spiritual energy of the Heavenly Father has laid hold of us for that very end. "We love Him because He first loved us," John says—our love is a reaction from the stimulus offered us in that divine love which stops at nothing, not even the death of the cross. "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you," Christ said. It was literally true—He had sought them out at their fishing and their taxgathering, that He might appropriate them for the high calling of Christian discipleship.

This is the situation for every one of us. That old doctrine of election, preached by John Calvin and framed by the Westminister divinities into a somewhat forbidding Creed, was by no means false. No system utterly lacking in that which is true and vital, could have ever gained such a hold on the serious part of the world as did Calvinism. It was a step in the right direction, but it was too short a step. They were right in saying that God had elected certain men to eternal blessedness, but they narrowed the divine initiative in a way that the scriptures will not own. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," is God's word to every man. "Whosoever will, may come;" and inasmuch as no man cometh except the Father which is in heaven draw him, "we know that the Father draws them all." The divine purpose lays hold upon us all, choosing us for eternal blessedness, and nothing can defeat this divine election except the persistent adverse vote of the soul itself. Every man may, if he will, put those words of Paul upon his own lips and make Paul's high privelege his own—"I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which I am apprehended by Christ Jesus." And this divine initiative in the matter of our salvation becomes the ground of our confidence as we face toward these high ideals in the gospel.

I wish that the very sight of ideals unattained might produce a profound and noble discontent here in our own church. It has been borne in upon my heart, that as we enter upon this tenth year together as pastor and people, we are not measuring up to our possibilities as we ought. I know it is well with us in many regards. Our seats are well filled morning and evening. We have the esteem and good will of the community. We have an income sufficient to meet the demands of our large and varied work. We have one of the largest and most efficient Sunday-schools in this whole region. Our church is known and honored, far and wide, for the generosity of its benevolent contributions. You can scarcely name a charitable work in Oakland, Home, Hospital, Settlement or whatever it may be, where our people are not present both by their gifts and bv personal service. All this is good!

But there are other ideals of church life which beckon us on. We have not yet attained. We ought to have a vast amount more of genuine, wholesome spiritual life. We ought to have spiritual power enough to fill that large prayer-meeting room with people, and with life and interest. We ought to have spiritual power to lay hold of the fringes of our membership and bring in those who grow cold, indifferent, inactive, knitting them up with the body of the church in a more effective service. We ought to have the spiritual power to break through the crust of indifference in the lives of thousands who live here within the sound of our church bell, living and dying as though we were not, as though Christ were not! All this could come, for if we are ready to cast ourselves upon Him with the unreserved consecration of Paul, the mighty energy of our God would also "lay hold upon us," for the fulfillment of the highest ideals of church life. Brethren, we have not attained, but forgetting and reaching, let us press toward the mark!

WHITE COMMUNITIES IN THE FAR EAST.

Professor E. A. Wlcher.

There is still one serious omission in the missionary enterprise of the Christian Church. It fails to make any adequate provision for the religious needs of the large white communities living in the far East. These communities do not come within the recognized sphere of home missionary activity, because they are in heathen lands. And they have not hitherto been considered as being within the sphere of foreign missionary activity because they are composed of Christians. Consequently they do not belong anywhere. No religious organization feels any responsibility for their welfare. But these communities do exist, and the churches have known, or might have known, of their existence. Each of the churches of America is responsible in some degree for the present conditions of white life in the Orient.

If we define the Far East as everything accessible from a port east of Singapore, it contains probably about 100,000 European and American residents. It also contains about 5,000 missionaries. That is to say, the non-missionary residents are twenty to one of the missionaries. And while the number in itself is large, the influence of this population by reason of wealth, intelligence, position and representative character, is enormous. The white man in the East is never poor; he is always a gentleman; he directs great steamship lines, he builds railways, erects telegraphs, organizes governments, controls silk markets, tea markets and camphor markets, constructs a beautiful house for his dwelling and fills it with servants, bronze and ivory images, as well as all the ornaments of the Occident; lays out a beautiful garden in which he walks and rejoices in all his labor. He is a great man—a "typan" or something else; and the natives know that he is a great man. Moreover he is a Christian; for is not every white man a Christian?

What kind of a Christian? One cannot tell the whole story in print. It can only be told to committees. But a few things we can and will say; for

America must understand. The white resident of the East is often immoral. There is in many places and among many groups of very influential people no sentiment whatever against a young man having a native mistress. He may have a dozen.

The eastern resident is often intemperate. The dinner, even the home-dinner, without wine, is practically unknown; while ten or twelve courses of intoxicants are not commonly considered excessive.

The eastern resident is often insincere; for the social distinctions, drawn with the utmost rigidity, between retail and wholesale, seaman and landsman, are absurd and often cruel in their operation.

The average foreign resident cares nothing for the church and is opposed to every form of missionary activity. He does not know and will not inform himself of the work of the native church in the adjoining block. He will simply tell the tourist that the missionaries are hypocritical, their converts are fraudulent and the whole missionary scheme a fiasco and doomed to failure. Then the tourist may return home and write this in a book. Some tourists do.

If the resident in his isolation were to continue to pray without the church, all would not be lost. But the great mass of men give up praying when they come into these lands. Often the night of Oriental fatalism and despondency settles down upon them. Even in their luxury they suffer dumbly; and beneath all their gaiety is the throb of pain. No one who has once caught that minor note amid the laughter can ever lose it again. It haunts him even when he is glad. "The dumb gods give no sign;" and beneath the heaven the multitudes live dumbly and die dumbly. At the grave the white foreigners do not speak the one to other of the resurrection. It would not be good form and besides no one in the East believes very much in a resurrection. They left that at home with the hymns and the Ten Commandments.

Such is the life of the white man in the East; but not of every white man. Thank God for the strong, good men, who have been tried as by fire and have come forth purified. But even as regards these the church should not leave them to endure their trial alone, but should cheer them with the assurance that their brothers in the homeland are one with them in their fearful temptation—one with them in their victory through their Savior.

Viewed either from the standpoint of Home Missions or that of Foreign Missions, the care of our own people in the East should appeal to us. It is, however, a work which cannot be effectively accomplished by one church laboring alone. The preacher to the white Asiatic community should be the representative of all American churches. The last meeting of the Foreign Mission Boards of America, held in New York City in January last, appointed a committee consisting of Messrs. Robert Speer, John R. Mott, and John W. Wood, to collect information regarding the needs of these communities and report in favor of some scheme for meeting these needs. The amount of money that will be needed is comparatively small and probably most of this could be obtained in the eastern churches themselves, when they were once organized. But the American churches must take the initiative and assume the responsibility for the continuity of supply.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVIVAL IN WALES.

[One who signs himself "In Old Independent" has given in the London Examiner an account of a meeting held in celebration of the anniversary of the remarkable revival in Wales. The account is well worth reading and we reproduce here.—Editor.]

The anniversary of the wonderful Welsh revival meetings has been held at Pontycymmer, Glamorganshire. Here it was that the flame of heavenly love burst forth in such brilliant splendor that the fame of it began to spread far and wide, and the name of "Evan Roberts" became a "household word," not only in Wales and England, but throughout the civilised world. From that day to this, without a single exception, a prayer meeting has been held every night in the Rev. Mardy Davies' chapel (Bethel Calvinistic Methodist) at Pontycymmer. Not only so, but there are members of his congregation and of other congregations in the town who have never been absent from the prayer meeting for one single night during the whole year. It was an afterthought that Mr. Evan Roberts should be invited to the anniversary. I got a postcard from my good friend, Rev. J. T. Rhys, the Congregational minister at Pontycymmer, to say that Mr. Roberts was there. Could I come down? I went. Five hundred miles for two meetings, and a never-to-be-forgotten interview, too sacred for public print, or for anything else but thanksgiving and praise and prayer.

I went with Mr. Rhys, to whose tactful sympathy and journalistic connections the rapid spread of the knowledge of the revival is in some degree due, to the little meeting at Bethel, arranged for the benefit of the night workers who could not attend an evening meeting. On the previous evening the subject was "The Joy of Religion." This morning it was "The Freedom, Progress, and Victory of the Church." It was an earnest and an impressive address. It sprang out of a loving heart, alive with a sense of the personal presence of the living God.

The evening meeting was the most remarkable gathering I have ever attended. It is absolutely impossible to describe it. No language save that which introduces the facts and forces and personal beings that have their home in another world can convey any impression of the fearful conflict and the unparalleled victory obtained that night. The meeting was full—crammed full, pulpit, aisles, doorway, vestibule, all crowded to the point of discomfort. It began well. After a few prayers and choruses Mr. Roberts rose, and offered a short prayer. But very soon he ceased, and sighed, and remained in the attitude of prayer, moaning softly from time to time. There was a very long silence. Then reading, prayer, and singing followed, and for more than an hour it seemed as if there was nothing but formal outward worship, with an occasional prayer or song that seemed to really lay hold on God. Then Mr. Roberts rose. "Things have begun to go wrong," he said. "There are some here that are depending on the crowd. They have not reverenced the Master. Too many are here out of curiosity, and not to worship." Another long period of singing and prayer of the same order as before. Then Mr. Roberts rose again. Up to this point the meeting had been in the possession of, shall we say, a band of evil spirits. There was a spirit of curiosity, a spirit of discomfort owing to the overcrowding, a spirit of impatience, a spirit of irritability, a spirit of irreverence, a spirit of selfish expectancy, a

spirit of disappointment, and a whole host of the spirits of formalism, and hypocrisy, and sound, that is only sound. Now, however, Mr Roberts rose again. "The enemy is here," he declared. "Can anyone overcome him?" "Yes, Christ can," said a voice. "Then let us sing, 'Hosanna Haleliwia,' and ask Him to come and get the victory," said the Evangelist. What followed baffles all description. The listless, disappointed, impatient, irreverent attitude of the people began to change. In one pure, holy, devout,worshipful strain they poured forth the old chorus:

The swelling chorus, which renders eternal thanks to Him who has forgiven us, who is interceding for us, and who is now offering to us, though we are but the dust of the earth, an exceeding great welcome to come to Him, was repeated over and over again, gathering strength as it arose in purity and volume and power, till the whole building was filled with God, and every soul possessed, and filled, and thrilled through and through with the conscious apprehension of the personal presence of the Spirit of God. I was in the pulpit with Mr. Roberts and the local ministers and other friends. The newspapers say that several ministers, deacons, and others have testified that at this point in the meeting, when the congregation all joined together in invoking the aid of Christ, a circle of light or fire rose above the big seat in front of the pulpit, and moved upwards as high as the gallery, but no higher. The sight was not for me. But the feeling of the conscious presence of God was overwhelming. Comparing notes at the close of the meeting, we described it to each other as a burning love, a delirium of joy, an overwhelming sense of God entering into and possessing the soul. To a sceptic, or an unbeliever, it might have appeared to be mere madness. However we may describe it, it is certain that in that hour the mind of every person in that great assembly was possessed and swayed by a power from another world. Every will was bent like the reeds before the wind. Everyone stood. Everyone sang. Everyone was carried away, and could not cease, not even when Mr. Roberts called for it. Some waved handkerchiefs, others paced to and fro in the big seat, clenching their fists and flinging up their arms to heaven, as they sang and shouted their "Eternal Thanks To Him." Then, to crown all, the surging whirlwind of irrepressible song ceased instantaneously, and 1,000 voices stopped dead on the instant without preconcerted signal or intimation of any kind.

It was as though all the evil spirits in hell had been in possession of the meeting till, in answer to prayer, real genuine prayer to God, the spirits that surround the eternal throne descended upon us, and swept them from the field of battle. God came into His temple, and came suddenly and gave us the victory. Nothing short of this, it seems to me, will account for the extraordinary suddenness of the beginning and the consummation of this most unaccountable phenomenon. God has come amongst us. He will possess and fill with burning love and overwhelming power and insupportable glory the souls of all those that wait upon Him in prayer.

After this episode Mr. Roberts gave a most sane and practical address. "Let us end this," he said at length, "lest we become mad, and lose the truth in the mere sound of the hymn." The discourse was based on the attitude of the priests, elders and scribes reviling Christ on the cross, as compared and contrasted with our attitude toward Him at the present moment, and the searching appeals to surrender everything to God went home to the heart of every person present.

Book Reviews.

"A World Without a Child," by Coulson Kernahan. The author of those popular little books, "God and the Ant," "The Child, the Wise Man and the Devil," and "The Face Beyond the Door," sends forth this another volume for which great popularity is predicted. One has said of it: "It deserves world-wide circulation and to be translated into every civilized tongue." It is a graphic picture of what the world would be in some respects if it were without a child. We rejoice with the one who in a dream went through all the woeful experience of a world without a child and who awoke finally from his dream to hear the sweet clamor of a little voice calling "Father! dear father!" at his door. (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, pages 64, 50 cents net.)

"The Teaching of Jesus, Concerning the Holy Spirit." By Louis Burton Crane. This is another volume in the series on The Teachings of Jesus, several of which have been noticed heretofore in our columns. The series is edited by the Rev. John H. Kerr, D. D., of the American Tract Society, formerly of San Francisco Theological Seminary. The first in this series some of our readers will remember was on the Teaching of Jesus Concerning his own Mission, and was from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Frank H. Foster, formerly of Pacific Theological Seminary. The volume now before us, like the others of the series, is a scholarly study and presentation of the subject. The study begins with the Spirit of God in the Old Testament and proceeds through the teachings of Jesus until the words of the Great Commission have been uttered. The following quotation will indicate the basis on which the study is conducted: "Did men at first generally ascribe all that was unusual and surprising in their experience to the Spirit of God? Perhaps so, where they were without definite knowledge of him. But the Old Testament describes how God chose out of the world certain individuals and afterward a people to whom to make himself known, and we cannot therefore, attribute to them such ignorant and superstitious conceptions." American Tract Society, New York; pages 175, 75 cents net.)

"Christianity as Taught by Christ." Henry Stiles Bradley, D. D. This series of discourses on the teachings of Jesus will minister to a better understanding of those teachings, and will make for better living on the part of all who read them. Would that more books such as this one were finding their way into the homes of our land instead of much of other literature that enters them! This volume contains twenty-five discourses; all of them are interesting, practical and helpful. No one could read one of them each week for the next six months and fail of inspiration to more Christ-like living. The author believes that "the day is coming when heroes of the truth and soldiers of the right will show the world deeds of daring the like of which military exploits have never equaled." "The day is coming," he says, "when military pomp and splender and the bugle call on the battlefield will pale into insignificance as inspirations of lofty deeds

and heroic sacrifice as compared with Right and Truth and God's secret call to duty." Jesus, he shows, came face to face with the question, What will you do with your power? Use it for selfish ends or consecrate it to altruistic service? And the answer came clear and ringing, "I will consecrate it not for self but for others. And the question is, Will you do as much with yours? (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York; pages 316; $1.25 net.)

"Torrey and Alexander." By George B. Davis. Herein is the story of the remarkable world-wide revival which has been carried on for several years by the Rev. Dr. Torrey and Mr. Charles M. Alexander. No one can read the story without being made to realize that the work has been in many places as great as that done by Mr. Moody. Strangely, however, there is not the inclination to accord to these men that measure of success which the world has accorded to Messers. Moody and Sankey. This book contains interesting sketches of the early lives and experiences of the men who evidently have profoundly moved men and women all around the world during the last few years and who are still doing this. It is a book which Christian ministers and all religious leaders should read and over which they should ponder. None such have any desire to hinder the coming of the kingdom of God upon the earth—the enthronment of Christ in the hearts and lives of men; and no candid man can read this statement of facts and fail to acknowledge that Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander have been instrumental in doing this in a large way. We are glad this story of this world-wide revival has been written. Believe and question as we may, it is a history—a history of a great movement out of which great good has come. (F. H. Revell Co., New York; pages 257, $1, net.)

"The Church's One Foundation." By W. Robertson Nicoll. Dr. Nicoll is widly known in the religious world as the editor of The British Weekly, and of the Expositor; also as editor of The Expositor's Bible. He is one of Great Britain's scholarly men, thoroughly versed in all the research and criticism of the age, but has never yielded to the extreme higher criticism. In this volume, a sub-title of which is, Christ and Recent Criticism, he does good service for the Christian religion. The questions which he considers are vital. He says truly that they cannot be left to experts, that they concern not merely the health but the existence of the church. He has, herefore, endeavored to make his book intelligible and servicable to the, ordinary man. He inscribes it "To my faithful friend Ian Maclaren." In his introduction Dr. Nicoll says: "When dealing with criticism, old and new, this is never to be forgotten; the church cannot without disloyalty and cowardice quarrel with criticism as such. It is not held absolutely to any theory of any book. It asks, and it is entitled to ask, the critic: Do you believe in the Incarnation and the Resurrection of Christ? If his reply is in the affirmative, his process and results are to be examined earnestly and calmly. If he replies in the negative, he has missed the way, and has put himself outside the church of Christ." Again he says: Christians are entitled to insist upon knowing the presuppositions of their adversaries. To a study of the origins of Christianity with a theory about the world and its management which from the first settles arbitraily the most important questions involved, vitiates the whole process of reasoning." For example: "If we assume at the threshold of the gospel study that everything in the nature of miracle is impossible, then the specific questions are decided before the question begins to operate in earnest. Dr. Nicolls book was first issued in 1901. This is a new and popular edition and issued in attractive form at low price. (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, 50 cents net.)

Church News.

San Francisco, Bethany.—The Rev. E. S. McClure recently of Eldon, Iowa, is supplying for a few Sundays.

Hydesville and Rohnerville.—The Rev. J. W. Doane who has been in charge of the Union Church at McCloud, has accepted a call from the churches at Hydesville and Rohnerville

Oakland, Pilgrim.—The Rev. Dr. Pond spoke most interestingly last Sunday in behalf of the California Chinese Mission of which he has long been so large and efficient a part, and a good offering was made to the treasury. Dr. Pond's addresses, and they have been given in many churches of late, are everywhere being spoken of as informing and interesting. He is glad at any time to tell of this work in any of our churches.

Rocklin.—The Ladies Aid Society of the Rocklin Church held a successful Fair Dec. 8th annd 9th. The effort was well patronized by the town people and every booth proved a profitable investment except the Ladies' Home Journal donation booth, which other societies are advised to let alone. The pictures were not what was expected, and the total receipts did not pay transportation. This information is given for the benefit of missionary charges which cannot afford to work for nothing.

Petaluma.—A recent bazaar and dinner, in spite of rains, brought over $260. A "Go to Church Band" organized in the Bible School brings numbers of children to the morning and evening services. The Pastor gives them a short talk in the morning which is thoroughly appreciated. Through the generous services of Mrs. Sly, an expert kindergartener, and some young lady assistants, a church kindergarten is provided at the morning hours of worship. It has been heartily welcomed by some parents who otherwise would be kept from church.

Avalon.—The pleasant dining room and office of the Glenmore Hotel were thronged on the evening of the 8th with an interesting and animated gathering, the occasion being a sale of fancy articles by the Avalon Girl's Guild. During the evening there was an excellent presentation of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabin Patch," and the girls sang some pretty choruses. About $70 was cleared for the church rebuilding fund. The work on the church cannot be completed until we receive a favorable reply to our Church Building Society application. Meanwhile we are doing what we can. The building has been raised and the new foundation is being put in.

Cottonwood.—The Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond has visited the church in Cottonwood, spending two Sabbaths and preaching each evening during the week and giving Bible readings each afternoon, also addressing the pupils in the school on Friday afternoon on manners

and morals. His visit has been very encouraging to the pastor and family as well as to the people. Dr. Pond's sermons are very instructive and helpful and his Bible readings very profitable. Although the meetings were not largely attended, yet it is certain that all who did attend felt that a rare privilege was afforded in having a man who could speak from years of experience. Results cannot be otherwise than good from such genial and warmhearted presentation of the truth. Dr. Pond is hereby commended to our Home Missioanry pastors and others as one who will do them good and aid them in their work.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—The last ladies' monthly missionary meeting was one of much interest. It was "Home Missionary Day." There was a good attendance. Mrs. Goodell read an able paper on the life and public services of Marcus Whitman, as a missionary among the Indians. Mrs. Furlong, an esteemed member of the Mayflower Church, was present, who at the age of four years, with her parents, was one of the party which accompanied Marcus Whitman on his famous journey across the plains in 1843 from Missouri to Oregon. She related a number of interesting incidents of the journey, as given by her parents. A generous collection was received. Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Rexford, formerly of Illinois, who have been sojourning in the Grove for two months, left on Monday for Weiser, Idaho, where Mr. Rexford has accepted a call to one of the largest congregational pastorates in the state. Mayflower Sunday school will have its Christmas exercises on Friday evening Dec. 22nd. There is a growing interest in the Union Sunday school teachers' meetings started a few weeks since. The teachers are thinking themselves fortunate in having so able a Bible scholar as Dr. Goodell, pastor of Mayflower, to lead their meetings.

No meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be held on Christmas or on New Year's Day.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

In The Pacific for December 7th there was a review of an interesting book by the Rev. George Matheson, D.D. In that connection the name of the publishing house was incorrectly given. It should have been A. C. Armstrong and Son, New York.

REPORT OF BAY ASOCIATION.

The winter meeting of the Bay Association with the Fitchburg Church proved to be a more than usually interesting and profitable session. The theme for the day was, "The Culture of the Soul." Three strong and helpful papers in the afternoon opened the way for general discussion. Mr. Scudder, in discussing "The Awakening of the Soul" presented clearly and strongly the necessity of dealing wisely with the crises in the lives of children and young people when all indications point to the natural awakening of the soul. Many, very many who come to the point of such an awakening sink back into a dull, soulless life, without aspiration, apparently incapable of enthusiasm because they are given nothing to do when they reach that crisis point. God has provided for the soul's awakening. It is for us to provide for its direction at the time when it is awakened.

Mr. Naylor in an effective paper well stocked with epigram and illustration called to our attention "The Help of Our Hindrances." The facts and theories, scientific historical and critical which at first seemed the enemies of faith have contributed mightily to its enlargement and ennoblement just as the difficulties of ordinary life which seem not joyous, but grievous, in self-control for exercise in the matters of eating who are exercised thereby. We learn slowly the help of our hinderances but no one can doubt that the lesson is there for us to learn.

In a serious and noble fashion Mr. Gause pleaded for "The Expression of the Spiritual in Daily Life," in self-control for exercise in the matters of eating and in conversation, in faithfulness and in love.

Two of the choicest papers we have heard at an Association formed the evening prgram. "The Contribution of Nature to the Spiritual Life." Professor Bade and "The Contribution of the Means of Grace to Spiritual Life." by Dr. McLean, but the space does not permit a suggestion of the content or value of these papers. Two men who have been frequent attendants upon and valuable contributors to the Association were missed at the Fitchburg meeting. Judge J. M. Haven "California's foremost layman," who had fallen asleep the day before, and Deacon J. M. Hayes of Decoto, who had been a regular attendant for 25 years, but is now laid aside on a bed of sickness. The Association placed on record its appreciation of the rare services of Judge Haven and sent to Deacon Hayes an expression of its sympathy.

An important committee was appointed to take under advisement changes in our polity and report at the next meeting which is to be held with the North Berkeley church. B.

THE CHURCH AT NILES.

We give herewith a picture of the Congregational Church at Niles which was organized in 1889. The first pastor of the church was the Rev. F. H. Maar,

now of the Fourth Church of Oakland, and who remained with it for seven years, doing all the while an excellent work. Mr. Maar was followed by the Rev. E. D. Hale who continued for another seven years, doing also a work which will abide. The present pastor is the Rev. F. V. Jones. Aside from an Episcopal, the church is the only Protestant one in the community.

INLAND EMPIRE LETTER.

By Iorwerth.

As far as the writer knows the churches throughout the Inland Empire are doing good work and are in a prosperous condition, and aggressive evangelistic efforts are planned by many.

Evangelist Frank A. Miller has conducted a successful series of meetings at Walla Walla, resulting in a goodly number of conversions. Rev. Austin Rice received twelve into the church on confession of faith on last communion Sunday. Mr. Miller has spent two weeks in conducting services in Plymouth church, Spokane, with great acceptance; and as many as forty are counted among the converts. He is now engaged with State Evangelist Reid in conducting meetings under the auspices of the Corbin Park Mission, Spokane, which is expected to develop into a church in the near future.

The First Church Spokane, Dr. Wallace, pastor, is doing vigorous work for the Master. The Dr. often treats subjects of public interest and is drawing large audiences. He is president of the Ministerial Association of Spokane.

Pilgrim Church, under the ministry of Rev. W. J. Hindley, continues to make wholesome progress, and despite strenuous competition sustains a leading place in the part of the city where it is located.

The Rev. J. H. Prentis, has closed his labors with the churches of Hillyard and Pleasant Prairie, and has gone to Edmunds. Western Washington has gained much by having this cultured and whole souled young minister. He is one of the finest men and best thinkers the writer has ever met and associated with. God will bless him in his new field.

Rev. T. W. Walters has returned home after a sojourn of several months in England and Wales. His family accompanied him, and all of them returned improved in body and mind. They reside at Colfax this winter and Mr. Walters expects to give some time this winter giving addresses on the Revival in Wales as he saw it.

Rev. Jonathan Edwards is supplying the church of Washtucna, Washington which is making preparations to erect a building in the near future.

This is about the time the women of the churches are having their annual bazaars; the Pilgrim of Spokane and the Medical Lake churches are having theirs this week, and Washtusna will have one next week.

THE COUNCIL OF FEDERATION.

The annual meeting of the Council of the Federation of the Churches of California gives promise of being significant and far-reaching in its outcome. Two projects were set on foot both of large promise. A committee was appointed to arrange for a series of rallies in the towns and cities of Northern California. A plan is already under way for four simultaneous rallies in San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda, about the middle of January, when well known speakers of the different denominations will be heard on matters of common interest.

Another matter of even more importance in the meeting of the Council was the appointment of a committee on Inter Church Cooperation, consisting of two representatives of each cooperating denomination, to which shall be referred for advice and counsel the following matter:

1st. The planting of new churches.

2d. The consolidation of existing churches.

3d. The solution of all other comity matters.

Very much is hoped from the appointment of such a committee. It is understood that Dr. McLean, whose long experience and rare wisdom peculiarly fit him for such a position, will act as chairman of this committee.

R. C. B.

Christian Endeavor Service.

December 31.

TOPIC: Looking Backward: What have I learned this year? Deut viii 8-20.

The words of Moses in this notable passage might fittingly be called a recessional. If we do not find in it "Lest we forget, lest we forget," we do find that the thought throughout hinges upon a similar meaning. The natural divisions of this part of the oration are "And thou shalt remember"—"Thou shalt also consider"—"Beware that thou forget not" and "Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God." Thus it is a looking backward with a view to lessons from experience.

We may view our life during the past year as a pilgrim journey and the last day of the year as a Pisgah summit back from whence we may look as well as forward. To all of us the lines of backward sight move in indulations, not on levels. The landscape of no life will be a plain, but rather made up of rises and depressions, with here and there a stretch of prairie land between. Mountains to climb, valleys to descend, who has not experienced both? Few lives have been without their Elim parks, few perhaps without some Marah sinks. In all, the manna has fallen, though oftentimes it was that "thou knowest not." It has not been all of victory perhaps in any life nor all of defeat, not all of prosperity nor yet of chastening. The year has been a mosaic of lighter and of darker squares. And it has been a year of moving onward and experience. What lessons have we learned? It will be a year of experience of little worth if we have not been taught the wisdom of remembering the goodness of the Lord; of not forgetting that not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord, doth man live. The children of Israel were warned lest when they had eaten and were full, had built houses and prospered; when their cattle had increased and their money become more, they should become proud in heart and forget, saying, "My power and the might of my hand hath gotten me this wealth." It is of wisdom to remember that all our power to do and win and prosper, to build houses and towns and cities and institutions and every faculty potential and ingenious and inventive, is a gift of God. If we have learned not to forget this, but to cherish the truth and render his due to the Giver we have gleaned a valuable lesson sheaf from the year gone by. We rob God by consigning him to oblivion as well as by outward hostility. The ingrate and the unappreciative is as much at fault as the atheist. Doubtless Christian Endeavorers have learned this lesson this year.

We will not have learned well all our lessons if not this one also (it is alluded to above) that many things come to us in life as manna not known. Our chiefest mercies are often those in deepest disguise. It often takes years for us to know how good God has

been in withholding that which at the time seemed to us a certain need. "Griefs oft are joy misunderstood." "Behind a frowning providence, he hides a smiling face."

It will be well with us if we have learned the lesson of profiting by the divine chastisements, considering that as a Father chasteneth his own son so the Lord chasteneth us. Perhaps this is one of the hardest of all to learn. As sons we feel we have a right to expect favors at the hand of our heavenly parent and we cannot see now that discipline is favor, yet afterwards we discover that it is. We learn that chastisement breaks up the fallow ground, softens its hardness and makes it ready for the seed of good. We learn with the years that these harder things are those to be prized most and see how important they are in soul culture.

Then it will be well if we have learned the lesson of trust during the twelve months gone, of leaving much of the future with God. It is best not to borrow trouble nor look forward with anxiety, but to do so requires experience and the teaching of years. As these milestones pass us by on the pilgrimage we do learn that we have a good kind and trustworthy heavenly Father unto whom we may consign all our ways. We learn that we may "Commit all our ways unto the Lord: trust also in him and he will bring it to pass." This is one of the most useful and practical lessons possible to us. To learn to do what we may and then leave the rest, what a consoling and conserving acquirement of faith it is? Worry eats like a canker but trust is a perfect specific.

In general looking backward on 1905, we say good bye to the old year with regret. It has been an eventful and a remarkagle year. In the progress of the world, in the growth of the nation, in the development of our far west, in the growth of the coast, in the expansion of our city, in the far reaching revival of the Kingdom of God at home and abroad it has been in every way notable. Materially for us it has been prosperous beyond most other years ,and spiritually, springing with hope. There are sad things in the far perspective, perhaps many nearer home; and yet we may say, "Thou hast crowned the year with thy goodness, thy paths drop fatness." Let us with cheerful faith enter the opening portals of 1906 and wish all our fellow Endeavorers a "Happy New Year."

The leading article in the December Missionary Review discusses with much force and clearness, "Some Modern Views of Missions." The editor shows the tendency of many present day writers to cut loose from the basis and principles of Christ and to adopt those of mere humanitarian philosophy instead. The article is worth reading from every point of view. Another striking and important contribution is from Prof. Satthiandhan the Hindu Christian Educator who is now in America giving lectures. He writes with first-hand knowledge of what Hinduism and Christianity are doing for India. Two excellent illustrated articles decribe one, the "Work of the 'Fukuin Maru' or Gospel Ship in Japan;" and the other, "Bible Work in Persia." Many interesting incidents are connected with these missions which show the hopeful outlook in all such work. "Side-lights on the study of Africa" will be useful in Missionary Study Classes, and "Steps toward Union in Korea," tells of a very significant gathering.

THE PEACE OF THE WORLD.

Dr. Geo. C. Adams, the pastor of the First Congregational church, San Francisco, made an address before the San Francisco Methodist Preachers' Meeting of more than ordinary scope. His contention was that peace and war are closely related—that men of the finest war mettle are the real promoters of peace. He cited General Gordon of the British Army and President Roosevelt as examples illustrating this paradox. He was in favor of a good navy. His idea is that our foreign policy is made effective by the navy. Lord Avebury, at a social function recently expressed the opinion that Europe would have to disband its armies in order to compete with the United States. It is becoming more and more apparent that the "citizen army" is the most powerful. It is as Dr. Adams suggests, the men of peace are the greatest warriors. The weakness of a great standing army is well illustrated in the case of Russia. Japan, it is true, had a large army, but it was also apparent that Japan's Reserves were equal in fighting courage to the most seasoned soldiers of the standing army. Fighting power of an army is in the spirit of the men and its strength is measured by its love of peace and the higher values of life. Mere brutal courage, no matter how well drilled, is not a very valuable asset in war. The love of peace imparts a true and sustaining courage to the leader and to the whole army.—California Christian Advocate.

During the first week in February 1906, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary in all parts of the Christian world. Large meetings will be held under the auspices of the local unions in the great cities and the local societies will hold commemoration meetings. The Quarter Century Memorial will be an International Headquarters, and a fund for religious work among young people all over the world. The celebration proposed is a gift from each Endeavorer of a cent for each year of Christian Endeavor,—an average gift of twenty-five cents each for these twenty-five years,—a cent for each year. The efforts to raise the funds will be continued until a sufficient amount is raised. The International Committee has issued a statement in which they refer to the meaning of the movement for the cause of religion amoung the young people of the world as follows: "It will mean stronger Christian Endeavor work even than now (and Christian Endeavor has never been stronger than it is now); and stronger Christian Endeavor work means more young people joining the churches, larger gifts for missions, more young people going to the mission fields and entering the ministry, better support of church work, and more rapid progress of the Kingdom of God."

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA.

The only chartered Woman's College in California confers degrees and presents its Alumnae as accepted candidates for graduation work at the Universities. Seminary Course accredited to the Universities. Offers excellent opportunities for the study of Music, Art and Elocution. Ideal climate and grounds. A refined Christian home for young women. Terms moderate. Write for catalogue. Spring term opens January 10, 1906. Fortieth year. Address, Mrs. C. T. Mills, President, Mills College P. O, California

Our Boys and Girls

THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS.

Hear the bells of Christmas!
Hear the bells of Christmas!
Hear the bells of Christmas, how they ring!
They are telling of the message,
In the angel's joyful presage;
Of the gift of sacred peace;
And of love that must increase;
They are telling how the light
Shone the first bright Christmas night;
How the angel choirs,
Tuned their cheerful lyres,
And came down to earth on radiant wing;
How they sung of God's great glory;
And the glad, new, Christmas story;
Peace, good-will to man their tidings bring.

Hear the bells of Christmas!
Hear the bells of Christmas!
Hear the bells of Christmas, how they ring!
Loud and clear their music's swelling;
Far and near the chimes are telling
That the Christmas time is here;
That it always brings good cheer.
Ah, today the world is kind,
For it is by love entwined.
Earth is crying peace;
War and strife must cease;
Voices of the Christmas angels sing:
"Christmas time must bring no sadness,
But a peaceful, sacred gladness,.
Love must still bear healing in its wing."

—Emma Schrader.

HUMBUG'S CHRISTMAS MAIL.

A True Story of the Sierra Nevada.

The snow was nine feet deep as the mail carrier and his little horse struggled through the Devil's corral. Robbers' creek was crossed with the snow twelve feet deep and the storm still increasing in violence. The little horse moved steadily forward on his square iron snowshoes, obedient to the praise and caresses of his master. The mail must reach Humbug for Christmas, though the Storm King piled snow as high on the Sierra Nevadas as they towered above the distant sea.

The six-thousand-foot level was reached. The carrier and his weary little horse stopped for a hasty meal at the Mountain house. The odor of Mrs. Brown's fried venison and home-made bread did not deter the carrier from giving a swift rubdown to the wiry little bay, eagerly crunching his oats. No hands, other than his master's ever touched little Dave. Davie didn't like strangers.

In an hour they were on the trail again, despite the solemn warning of the men at the stage station. For five weeks the worst storm in years had raged over the snowy range, and no mail had been over the trail. Tomorrow would be Christmas, and many a weary heart ached for news of the outside world, and of dear ones far away. To miss the Christmas mail is a calamity of direst magnitude to people snowed in for months, and whose only change, whose only sunshine, is the receipt of letters and papers.

It was growing dark when little Dave and his rider reached the seven-thousand-foot level. The wind grew colder and colder, and drifted the snow into the hollows. The carrier was growing numb. The blazes on the hugh pine trees, the only indication of the trail, were fast disapearing in banks of snow. At 7,500 feet scarcely a blaze was in sight; at 8,000 feet all were buried. Little Dave and his master were lost in the heart of the Sierra.

It was eleven o'clock by his watch when the carrier dropped the slide of his lantern and said:

"Davie boy, we're done for. We can't get the Christmas mail to Humbug after all, old man. We've packed our last mail-bag—yau and me, Davie—our last mail-bag."

Davie whinnied and rubbed his glossy head against his master's boot. Davie understood. The wind grew keener, but the carrier no longer felt the cold. Davie stumbled on a little farther, he paused beneath a clump of trees, in the lee of a hugh snowdrift, as his master slipped from the saddle into the soft snow.

It was a dreary Christmas eve at Humbug stage station. The men sat dismally around the fire and told tales of other storms of the snow-shoers who had frozen to death, of the many narrow escapes each had experienced. No one mentioned the mail, but each knew that all had the same thought—"no Christmas mail this year." The snow piled up to the second story of the station house, the wind howled, and one by one the men crept away to bed.

Christmas was two hours old when a stamping and whinnying on the porch awakened the house. The door was opened, and a riderless horse walked wearily into the hall, the mail-bags strapped to his saddle.

"Why, if it ain't Davie, the mail carrier's hoss! Davie boy, whar's your master? whar is he lad?"

The pony neighed and stood quietly, while the mail-bags were unstrapped, but when Jerry Thompson tried to take of the saddle, the horse snorted, plunged through the open door and disappeared into the darkness, the sparks flying as his big iron snow-shoes struck each other in his hasty leap.

The men looked at one another, and the old man said:

"Its too bad; the horse is snow-mad, and there ain't a soul could live in that storm to ketch him. And the carrier's done for, boys—he's somewhere out there in the mountains," his voice grew huskey, "just 'cause he wanted to bring us the Christmas mail. He aughten ter tried; there ain't no one on earth could a' done it. He's a hero, too, is little Dave—he knew the carrier'd rest easier if the Christmas mail cum through."

At daybreak Christmas morning eight determined men on snow-shoes started on their sad errand—to find and bring in the frozen carrier. The storm had lulled and the snow, glistening, white, trackless, lay twenty feet deep on the level and thirty feet in the hollows. Up the trail silently, determindly they searched. They stood on the summit as the sun rose. The old man sighed:

"The first sunshine for five weeks—and we got the Christmas mail. If only ——" he paused a moment, wiped his eyes furtively, then started and glanced quickly around. "Boys," he continued excitedly, "did you hear that? Listen!"

A faint whinny sounded across the snow. With a shout of "little Dave, it's little Dave!" the men started forward with lightning speed, their long snow-shoes raising a cloud of flakes behind them.

The sound led them to a thick clump of tamarack trees, and thrusting aside the branches, they saw little Dave lying in the snow. But when, close beside the horse, unconscious, but still alive, they found his master, their shouts awoke the echoes from Humbug to Lassen peaks.

There was a rejoicing and dinner at Humbug that Christmas that was never equaled before, nor has it been since, and little Dave ate oats and unlimited lumps of sugar at the head of the table.

"You see them five tamarack trees by that big rock?" said "Old Johnny," the stage driver. Wal, that's the place, and" —pointing to the frisky little bay leader —"that's Davie, that is. The finest snow-shoe hoss in Californy! Yes, sir! And there ain't money enough in the United States treasury to buy him, neither! Ah, Davie lad, you and me has had many a close shave—but that was the nighest of all!"

—Maud L. Francis in December Sunset.

"How's you gettin' on wid youah 'rithmetic, Lou?"

"I done learned to add up de noughts, but de figgers bodder me."

"Don't call the world dirty because you have forgotten to clean your glasses."—Ram's Horn.

For the Quiet Hour.

THE GIFTS I BRING MY LORD.

Gold, frankincense, and myrrh they brought the new-born Christ—
Those wise men from the East— and in the ox's stall
The far-brought precious gifts they heaped, with love unpriced;
And Christ, the babe, looked on, and wondered not at all.

. . . . . .

I bring the gold of faith, which, through the centuries long,
Still seeks the Holy Child and worships at His feet,
And owns Him for its Lord, with gladness deep and strong,
And joins the angel choir, singing in chorus sweet.

The frankincense I bear is worship, which can rise,
Like perfume floating up higher and higher still,
Till on the wings of prayer it finds the far, blue skies,
And falls as falls the dew, to freshen heart and will.

And last I bring the myrrh, half bitter and half sweet,
Of my own selfish heart, through sacrifice made clean,
And break the vase and spill the oil upon Thy feet,
O Lord of Christmas Day, as did the Magdalene.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Phillips Brooks.

The Christian religion has won for itself a certain great respectability. Men do not sneer at it as they used do. Nay, men who in their hearts are anything but Christians are jealous for the credit of the faith of Christ. I dare say there has been no age since Jesus lived when the character of Jesus in its unsullied purity, its calm consistency, its high toned heroism, has been more proudly lauded or more cordially acknowledged; there has been no age when the moral power of Christianity, as the great social salvation of states and communities, has been more profoundly felt, but yet we cannot find a time when the great dead weight, the mere brute force, of a sheer overcrowded life has been so immense in keeping out the personal presence of the Savior from the intimacies of our hearts and homes. This, it seems to me, is the form that our irreligious life is more and more assuming—just a great inert overfullness. Religion is met, not, as it was a thousand years ago,, by a man in mail upon the threshold, with a sword or an ax or a firebrand to kill it out— the brutality of that folly is obsolete, not, as it was a hundred years ago, by a cunning diplomatist in the vestibule with wiry words and smooth tongued irony to circumvent the newcomer and make even religion herself faithless and untrue—the cowardice of that folly too, is dying away; but nowadays, when the new stranger comes up to the doors, the opposition is just the great,impenetrable, passive followers of the house she tries to enter. Christ comes with his truth to the intellect. What is the answer? Every chamber of the intellect, from garret to cellar, is pre-engaged. Science, morals and physics, politics, history, art—all these are with us and must be royally fed and lodged. For this new applicant "there is no room in the inn." Christ comes with His work to the will. But what chance for quarters when the very entry-ways of the human will are packed to stagnation with a thousand little ephemeral plans making their flying visits, and a hundred great absorbing schemes that have taken up their permanent abode? What answer but again that this great inn is full? Christ comes with His love to the great, roomy, hospitable human heart. But the hospitality—not so wise as lavish—has it not been already more than wasted on a host of beggarly and unworthy claimants, so that when the heart's Master comes there is no room to spare? Thus daily is the scene of Bethlehem repeated. He comes unto His own, his own receives Him not. The world is too full for Christ, and the heart is too crowded for its Savior.

You may not love Christ or care to imitate Him or to invite Him, but you do feel when you deliberately think of Him and of the world work that He has done, that there is in Him an immensity of grandeur and holiness before which you grow ashamed. Now here, it seems to me, is just one of the divinest of offices of our religion. It makes us feel the littleness to which we have reduced our lives and then proclaimes, in contrast with that littleness, the great scale on which God built those lives and the great capacity God meant for them to have. "You have cramped my life," it seems to say. You have made it small and narrow. By long unspirituality you have made its doors so low that none but short or stooping thoughts can enter. You have made its rooms so mean that great truths cannot live in them. But never dare to think that this was God's plan for your life. He drew its architecture on a lordly scale. He designed for you great, generous, capacious lives. He built you to be , "temples of the Holy Ghost." There are chambers in your nature walled up by long obstinancy or rubbished by long neglect, which were shaped and garnished for His holy occupancy. Man in the face of all His degraded humanity be it spoken—was made fit for a birthplace of the Christ." If the manifestation of the Savior had done nothing else, would not this be much—this eternal reassertion of the essential dignity and capacity of human life? The gospel stands forever in the midst of little, base, degraded lives, and protests that this is not the true exhibit of the life humanity might live. To the sensualist who has turned his soul into a home of lust; to the poor inebriate, whose life is reeking with the fumes of the stale and sickly habit; to the trifler, who has industriously tented himself with glittering tinsel; to the mean man, who has been deliberately cramping up his stingy heart, walling up windows, pinching in doors, studiously making his existence small—to each of them, the gospel brings its protest: "You may make your lives foul and tawdry and meager, you may diminish them and overcrowd them till there is no room for a noble thought or for a pure desire; but you do it at your peril. God made them roomy, and there is room for His holy Son to find a nativity within them if you will only set and keep their chambers open."

SABBATH EVENING.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,.
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day nor night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor die the strains of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord, Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand and rule, and grow forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

—HENRY AINSWORTH

"Little masteries achieved.
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne,
These are treacures that shall rise
Far beyond the shining skies."

"Working the church is far from doing church work."

Sunday-School Lesson.

Fourth Quarter. Lesson XIV. December 31, 1905.

Review of the Fourth Quarter.

There is a splendid stir and movement, cumulative in its interests in this epoch of two hundred years just covered. The events are the exile, 605 B. C.; the destruction of the temple, 536 B. C.; the first return, 536 B. C.; the temple rebuilt, 516 B. C. The biography of the period is peculiarily rich. It makes a galaxy in which Daniel, Isaiah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, Zerrubabel, Ezra, Esther and Nehemiah appear.

1. There is not in literature a more vivid word-picture than that which describes the last night in Babylon.

2. The steadfastness of Daniel and his consequent miraculous deliverance was the finishing touch in the providential process of preparing the Hebrews for their exit from bondage. (Dan. vi, 10-23.)

3. This page is a mirror of Providence. God wanted His people exiled. They were to learn lessons in adversity. After seventy years God wanted His people emancipated. Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus were the merest instruments of a wonder-working Providence. "The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as brooks of water, and He inclines it whither He will." (Prov. xxi;, 1; Ezra, 1-11.)

4. This great undertaking, the rebuilding of the temple, is substantial evidence of the thoroughness of the schooling of the exile. In spite of small resources, numerous enemies, and a depressing environment. The seemingly impossible was cheerfully undertaken and triumphantly achieved. (Ezra iii, 10—iv, 5.)

5. The vision bears a spiritual significance upon its face. The Church is the candlestick set forth in the moral darkness of the world. It is not the Church that illuminates, but the Holy Spirit through the Church. The Church is all gold. It is very precious purchased with a great price. The Church has many branches but it is one candlestick. (Zech. iv, 1-10.)

6. The fate of a race of exiles trembles in the balance held in the hand of a capricious despot. On the dark background of the plot the characters of the deliverers stand like white cameos in a clear-cut outline and high relief. (Esther iv, 10; v, 3.)

7. Ezra was a savior of Judaism. It was a crisis in the national life. Seventy years had passed since the return from the captivity. The days of the Hebrew State and religion were numbered. Then appeared the "second Moses." The nobility of Ezra's personal character and his worth to his nation can hardly be overestimated. He put an imprint upon His Church which it bears to this day. (Ezra, viii, 21-32.)

8. Study of this incident reveals Nehemiah as one of the most illustrious examples of disinterested patriotism, which history, sacred or profane, affords. (Neh. i, 1-11.)

9. Paul cautions the Cornithians to keep the wing of love unfurled. Don't let the wing of knowledge drive you blindly round the small circle of a selfish personal interest. Spread your other wing—the white pinion of love. The conditions—then and now and always—demand a generous self-denial for the sake of others. (1 Cor. x, 23-33.)

10. The rebuilding of the wall was a great enterprise. The circumstances were unfavorable. Laborers were few and inexperienced. Enemies were many and crafty. Instead of a clean site there was a heap of rubbish. But the genius and zeal of Nehemiah were more than a match for such adverse conditions. His organizing and administrative ability were superb. (Neh. iv, 7-20)

11. Ezra's public reading of the law makes one of the most effective and picturesque scenes in the Bible. Fifty thousand listened in the great plaza in Jerusalem. No doubt Ezra praised God, that out of the wreck of the past this treasure had been preserved. (Neh. viii, 8-18.)

12. The last book of the Old Testament is a perfect Mt. Sinai, quaking, flashing, thundering with the righteous indignation of Jehovah against the people, whom He had lifted to heaven in privilege, but who proved unworthy of their exaltation. Who can abide the days of His coming; He shall be as fierce as refiner's fire, He shall be as caustic as lye. Yet here, as everywhere in the Bible, the beautitude is placed over against the woe. If God's people, even at this late date, will bring in all the tithes, the gates of blessing will be opened wide. (Mal. iii, 1-12.)

IN HIS NAME.

There are a few noteworthy actions in life that are not heralded in the morning papers, and there are a good many people who do not telephone for the reporters when they do noble deeds. We give an instance.

It was a cold, dark evening, and the city lights only intensified by their sharp contrast the gloom of the storm. It was the time when wealthy shoppers are eating their hot dinners, when the stores are closing, and when the shop-girls plod home, many too poor to ride, tired with the long day's standing and work.

One of the shop-girls we have alluded to was hurrying home through the slush after a hard day's work. She was a delicate girl, poorly dressed, and wholly unable to keep out the winter's cold with a thin fall cloak. One person noticed her as she hurried along. She was evidently very timid and self-absorbed.

A blind man was sitting in an alley by the pavement, silently offering pencils for sale to the heedless crowd. The wind and sleet beat upon him. He had no overcoat. His thin hands clasped with purple fingers the wet, sleet-covered pencils. He looked as if the cold had congealed him.

The girl passed the man, as did the walked on.

But she was evidently troubled, for her steps grew slower.

Then she stopped, turned and walked rapidly back to the dark alley, and the man half-hiding in it. Bending over him she said softly, "Are you really blind?"

The man lifted his head and showed her his sightless eyes. Then with an indescribable gesture he pointed to his breast. There hung the dull badge of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said humbly. "Please give me back my ten cents."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, and held out the coin.

She took out her purse. It was a very thin one. It contained but two silver dollars, one-third of her week's hard earnings—all she had. She put one dollar of it into his hand with the words:

"Take this instead, for the dear Lord's sake, and go home now. You ought not to sit here in this bitter wind and sleet." Then she turned her steps homeward, pitying the wretched man, and thinking that no one had seen her.

Thinking no one had seen her? God had seen her; and one man, who to his dying day will never forget the act.—Youth's Companion.

HER SANTA CLAUS LETTER

She wrote a note to Santa Claus,
The queerest note that ever was;
'Twas naught but scrawls and dots and rings,
But, oh, it meant so many things!
For little girls, strange to believe,
Want many things on Christmas eve.

She asked for dolls all dressed in blue,
And red and pink and purple, too;
She asked for dogs and cats and toys,
And instruments that made a noise;
She asked for candies, cakes and things
And pop corn strung in lengthy strings.

She sent a note to Santa Claus,
The queerest note that ever was.
Her papa mailed it early, so
'Twould surely off to Santa go.
'Twas naught but scrawls and dots and rings,
But, oh, it meant so many things!
—Joe Cone in Woman's Home Companion for December.

"Children," said the teacher, instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy; simply be yourselves and write what is in you. As a result of this advice, Tommy Wise turned out the following composition: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stummick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of candy, and my dinner."—Titbits.

WHAT CHRISTMAS BROUGHT.

Canon H. P. Liddon.

Man needs a perfect ideal—an ideal that shall permanently defy criticism; a sample of what human goodness is in its truth and completeness. We are sure that there is such a thing as this. How else should there be so universal an aspiration toward that which would upon this hypothesis have no existence in fact. But if the question had been asked at any time or place between the death of our first father and the birth of Christ, where such an ideal could be found, what must have been the answer? Over the whole of the ancient world we trace the apostolic inscription: "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." The great characters of pagan antiquity in literature are like the beautiful fragments of pagan art in our museums, they suggest perfection without reaching it, they are always at the best, mulitated, even when there is in them nothing that is positively hideous or degrading. The best and the highest fail to satisfy the craving of the human conscience for some life that shall show what man was meant to be. Nor is it otherwise with the saints of Israel. It seems unfilial, ungrateful, irreverent to insist on the shortcomings of saints; but then Scripture does record them. Each of them falls short; David especially—the man who loved God and goodness with an enthusiastic love, the man after God's own heart, David is so far from perfect that for us he is rather the model of penetence than of saintliness, of recovery than of perseverance. These great servants of God were, in fact, types of one greater than themselves, of one who would collect in his single person their scattered excellencies, while he rises above his characteristic falures;; of one from whom some rays of glory might seem to have fallen by anticipation, upon these great forms among the ancient people, that the eyes of men might be trained to gaze upon Him when at last He came. It is our Lord, and our Lord alone, who satisfies this human want of an ideal of goodness. He shows us what human goodness was meant to be. He offers in His life the ideal life—the life of man at his best, in his perfection.

CHRISTMAS TIME IN MERRIE ENGLAND.

In the good, old days of Merrie England, bringing in the huge yule log was one of the happiest incidents of the Christmas festival. The old yule log drawn in triumph from the forest was rolled into the capacious English fireplace, where it began to crackle and laugh in glee and soon lit up the broad oaken hall with a cheerful glow, a genial welcome to each newcomer. To the thoughtful mind this blazing log sending out brightness and warmth typified the True Light which Christmas eve ushered into the world.

The evergreen boughs and rosemary, holly and ivy, with which the great room of the English manor was decorated signified and brought to mind the diety of Christ who is from everlasting to everlasting," and who springing up before the Lord as a tender plant, should always be green and flourishing and live forevermore.

When the Christmas day appeared, "the hundred silver-toned bells of London rang loud and clear from tower and spire to welcome Christmas. The far-stretching suburbs, like glad children, took up and flung back the sound over hill and valley, marsh and meadow, while steeple called to steeple across the winding arms of the mast-crowded river, proclaiming to the heathen voyager, who brought his treasures from afar, the near approach of our great Christian festival." The sweet voices of children too joined in the happy acclaim with carols of the shepherds and the angels and the lowly babe in the manger. Hark! the hearld angels sing, "Glory to the new born King."

Christmas was a merry time in England but the deepest joy of this yuletide festival lay not in the olden customs, but in the consciousness of each Christian heart that the Christ child had been admitted and for him there was room in the inn.

GIFTS TO CHRIST.

Gifts, precious as those of the wise men, have been poured into Christ's treasury in every age, and we may be quite sure that God has appreciated them. They were signs and tokens of gratitude for the blessings Christianity has brought to the world. Far more might have been given, without expressing the extent of the world's obligations to Him, who gave Himself for the redemption of our race. Their chief value in his eyes, however, as we gather from His Word, is that they witness to that supreme gift of the donor's soul to him. They are evidences of consecration not of wealth only, but of spirit. It is so with human fatherhood. The poor little offering that a child makes to his father on a birthday or at Christmas, he could easily buy, but it is precious to him, because his boy denied himself childish luxuries that he might present it to him. Not the intrinsic value of our offerings to God is the measure of their value, but the love and self-denial that they signify.

It was a singularly beautiful incident of our Lord's life that is told in the Gospels of the breaking of the Alabaster box of ointment. That was a purely personal gift. Judas thought it would have been better if the ointment had been sold and the proceeds given to the poor. Our Lord had shown so much sympathy with the poor that many would have expected Him to have the same opinion. But not so. That offering pleased Him because it was a proof of love. That characteristic note in His reply to his disciple shows how truly human He was. Personal affection for Him, faith in Him, trust and confidence and fidelity to Him personally was never overlooked. His nature has not changed. He values still the gift that costs. He appreciates the sacrifices that His people make to send His words to the uttermost parts of the world. It may be a small gift that some humble follower makes, but He who can read motives is pleased when He sees that love of Him prompted it, and He says: "She hath done what she could."—Christian Herald.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS.

It's everybody's business,
In this old world of ours,
To root up all the weeds he finds.
And make some room for flowers;
So that every little garden
No matter where it lies,
May look like that which God once made
And called it Paradise.

It's everybody's business
To search for heaven's gate,
And do it with an earnest mind,
Lest he should be too late;
And if he would a welcome gain
From angels 'round the throne,
He'd better take his neighbor's soul
To stand beside his own.

—Selected.

There is an old story of a monk who, having been disobedient to the rules of the monastery, was told he must die. They took him out into the grave-yard, stood him upright in a grave, filled in the earth about his feet. Then they asked: "Are you dead yet?" He said: "No." Then they filled in the earth until he was covered all but his head, and could scarcely breathe. When asked if he would die, he replied: "Yes, I will give up, I will die." So may we die to the old life of self and sin, and live the new life of entire consecration to our glorious Lord.

LARGEST WHISTLE IN THE WORLD.

Four times a day the people of East St. Louis and its vicinity, within a radius of ten miles, are kept informed of the time of day by a big triple whistle, which was put in operation recently by an electric railway company. So far as reported, it is the largest whistle in the world. In clear weather it can be heard a distance of twelve miles, and the sound always carries ten miles. So strident is the blast that it is almost impossible to stand within five feet of it when it blows.—Selected.

CHRISTMAS.

Sweet bells of the Christmas time
  Peal out o'er the land afar.
Ring! ring! till the faintest chime
  Shall reach to the farthest star.
To the sad, dark places of earth
  Thy message of good cheer bring,
Proclaiming the Savior's birth—
  Oh, bells of the Christmas, ring!

Bright star in the eastern sky,
  Shine out o'er the hearts of men,
That each, with a steadfast eye,
  May follow thy light again.
Oh, lead us, this is our prayer,
  To the place where the Child doth sleep!—
Where angels with loving care
  Their tireless watches keep.

Fair flowers, the heart's delight,
  That bloom through the wintry snow,
Crimson, and green and white—
  The holly and mistletoe:
May never a leaf be wet
  With a sad or a bitter tear—
May each sorrowing heart forget
  Its grief, in thy Christmas cheer.

Oh, glorious Christmas time!
  Oh, day of all days the best!
Oh, day when with joy sublime
  The children of earth are blest!
It may be we cannot bring
  Sweet incense, nor myrrh, nor gold,
Yet He deems it a fairer thing—
  The love that can ne'er grow old!
—Mary O. Eyre.

A railroad restaurant out West displays the following sign: "Pies like mother used to make, 5 cents." "Pies like mother used to try to make, 10 cents."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Faith is a thing that it is ruinous to be parsimonious with.—Mr. D. L. Williams.

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---

She—"I am going to make a cake for the sale. I hope it will bring a lot of money."
He—"Why don't you sell it by weight, dear?"

Seek to cultivate a buoyant, joyous sense of the crowded kindness of God in your daily life.—Alexander Maclaren.

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